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TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!


No 10

# EERIE

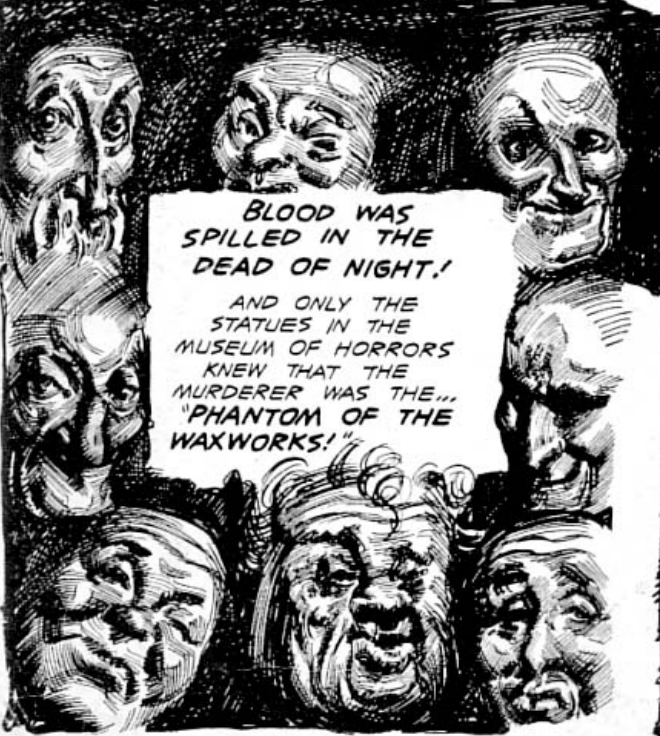
ONLY the DEAD  
LIVE HERE!  
CASTLE of TERROR!  
PHANTOM of the  
WAXWORKS!



# EERIE




THEY WERE  
MAROONED ON A  
GLOOMY,  
STORM-SWEPT  
LITTLE  
ISLAND!  
ALICE AND TOM  
WENTWORTH  
KNEW  
THE ICY  
CLUTCH OF  
TERROR  
AS THEY  
SEARCHED  
FOR SOME  
SIGN OF  
ANOTHER  
HUMAN BEING--  
AND WEIRD,  
INHUMAN  
VOICES  
SCREAMED...  
"ONLY THE  
DEAD  
LIVE HERE!"



BLOOD WAS  
SPILLED IN THE  
DEAD OF NIGHT!

AND ONLY THE  
STATUES IN THE  
MUSEUM OF HORRORS  
KNEW THAT THE  
MURDERER WAS THE...  
"PHANTOM OF THE  
WAXWORKS!"

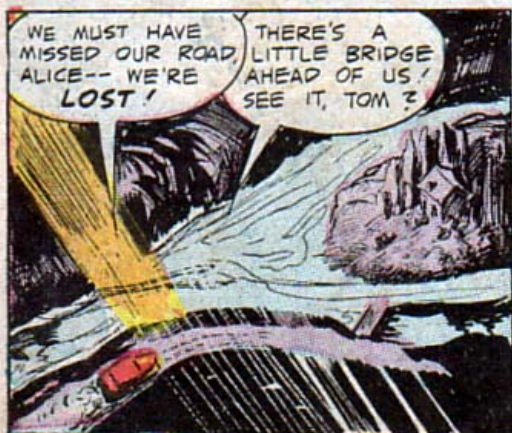


HE WAS CAUGHT FAST BENEATH A  
LAYER OF GRASSY EARTH! IT HELD HIM  
DOWN, TIGHTENING AROUND HIS ARMS,  
PINNING HIS LEGS TO THE GROUND! AND  
AS HE LAY THERE HE STARED INTO THE  
GLEAMING EYES OF DEATH!  
"GREEN GROWS THE GRASS!"



CAN THE DEAD RETURN TO COMPLETE THE THINGS THEY FAILED TO DO IN LIFE? FATE MAROONED ALICE AND TOM WENTWORTH ON THIS STORM-SWEPT LITTLE ISLAND, AND THEY FOUND THEMSELVES INTRUDERS IN THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD! IT WAS A NIGHT OF TERROR WHEN THEY REALIZED THAT...

# ONLY THE DEAD LIVE HERE!







WOW! SURE  
WAS A  
NARROW  
SQUEEZE!

WHERE DO YOU  
SUPPOSE THIS  
LITTLE ROAD  
LEADS TO?

ON  
FOOT  
THEY  
FOLLOWED  
THE  
ROAD,  
AND IN  
A  
MINUTE  
OR  
TWO...



WE'RE ON A LITTLE ISLAND  
IN THE RIVER! WITH THAT  
BRIDGE GONE, THERE'S NO  
WAY OF GETTING OFF!  
WE'RE STRANDED  
HERE!

SEEMS TO BE  
A HOUSE, THERE  
UNDER THE  
TREES! LET'S  
GO SEE!



THERE'S A  
LIGHT IN THE  
HOUSE! SEE  
IT?

GOOD! I'M GLAD  
SOMEBODY LIVES  
HERE! COME  
ON!

IT WAS  
TOM  
WENTWORTH'S  
VACATION,  
WITH HIS  
YOUNG  
WIFE, ALICE,  
HE WAS  
ON A  
SUMMER  
AUTO  
TRIP.  
TO THEM,  
NOW,  
THIS WAS  
NOTHING  
MORE  
THAN AN  
INTERESTING  
ADVENTURE,  
BUT...



LOOKS LIKE  
A YOUNG  
COUPLE!

THEY  
SEEM TO  
BE AR-  
GUING!

SUDDENLY THE SILHOUETTED FIGURES VANISHED AS THE COUPLE MOVED BACK INTO THE ROOM! AND...



COME ON, WE'LL  
INTRODUCE  
OURSELVES!

HOPE THEY WON'T  
MIND! ANYWAY, WE  
CERTAINLY CAN'T HELP  
BEING MAROONED  
HERE!



STRANGE SILENCE!

THAT'S QUEER--  
THEY DON'T  
ANSWER!

THIS STORM--  
MAYBE THEY DON'T  
HEAR US! THE DOOR'S  
UNLOCKED--LET'S CALL  
FROM INSIDE!





HELLO THERE!  
CAN WE COME  
IN ?

THE LIGHT'S IN THE  
SITTING ROOM-- THAT'S  
WHERE THEY WERE! OH,  
TOM, THERE'S SOME-  
THING AWFULLY  
STRANGE HERE!



AND IN THE SITTING ROOM...  
THIS CANDLE SEEMS TO  
BE THE ONLY LIGHT IN  
THE HOUSE! WHY SHOULD  
PEOPLE HIDE FROM US?

TOM! LISTEN!--  
OUT THERE IN  
THE HALL--  
FOOTSTEPS!

CREAK!  
CREAK!



THERE'S SOMEBODY  
WALKING ALONG  
THIS HALLWAY!

I CAN'T SEE  
ANYBODY!  
OH, TOM--I'M  
SCARED!

CREAK!

CREAK

SOMEONE--  
SOMETHING  
PROWLING  
HERE!--AND  
NOW, SUDDEN-  
LY THERE  
WERE FAINT  
MURMURING  
VOICES! CHILLED  
WITH HORROR,  
ALICE AND TOM  
STOOD  
FROZEN!

THE  
WENTWORTHS  
FOLLOWED  
THE  
VOICES  
TOWARD  
THE  
ENTRANCE  
TO  
THE  
CELLAR...



CREAK! CREAK!

IT'S UNCLE  
EZRA! HERE  
HE COMES,  
ELLEN!

OH, BOB, MAYBE  
WE CAN FIND OUT  
WHERE HE HID IT!



OH, TOM, LET'S  
GET OUT OF  
HERE!

SHHH!...



TOM  
WENT-  
WORTH  
HAD  
NEVER  
BELIEVED  
IN  
GHOSTS!  
HE  
WAS  
A  
FELLOW  
NOT  
EASILY  
FRIGHT-  
ENED!  
BUT  
NOW...

HOLD THE  
CANDLE, ALICE!  
AT LEAST THIS  
FELLOW'S REAL  
ENOUGH!



HEY! WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE?

YEOW!  
LEAVE  
ALONE!

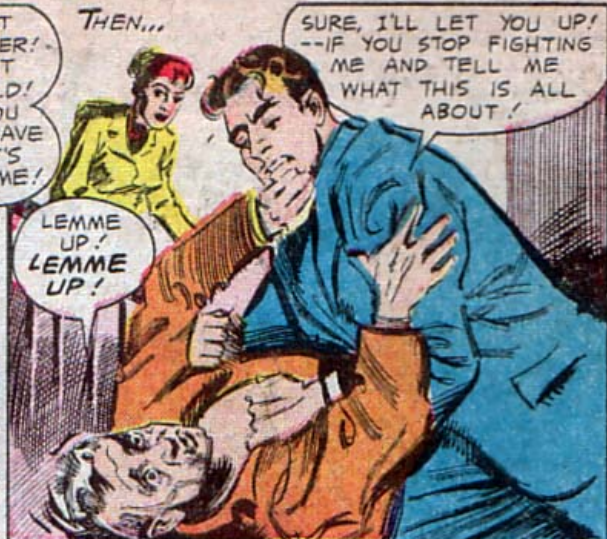




HE WAS A POWERFUL OLD FELLOW! SUDDENLY TOM WAS STRUGGLING WITH HIM, AND...

HEY, TAKE IT EASY! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER! YOU WANT THE GOLD! BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! IT'S FOR ME!



THEN...

LEMME UP! LEMME UP!

SURE, I'LL LET YOU UP! --IF YOU STOP FIGHTING ME AND TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



COME UPSTAIRS! IT'S NO GOOD DOWN HERE! I THOUGHT I COULD FIND THE GOLD DOWN HERE! BUT I GUESS I'M WRONG! I--I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER!

HE'S OFF HIS HEAD! C'MON, ALICE, WE'LL TAKE HIM UPSTAIRS!

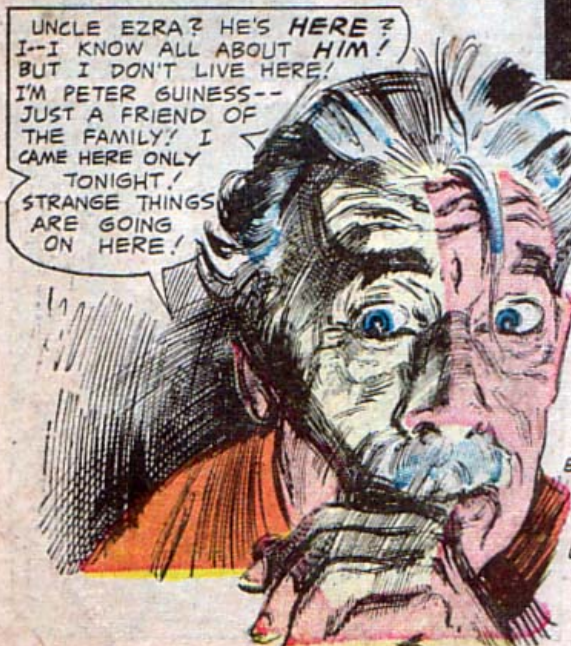


AND IN THE SITTING ROOM...

WE SAW A YOUNG MAN AND GIRL IN HERE! WHERE ARE THEY? AND WHO ARE YOU?

THEY'VE COME BACK! THEY'RE AFTER IT, TOO! BUT THEY CAN'T HAVE IT!

WE--WE HEARD THEM TALKING! THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE! THEY CALLED HIM UNCLE EZRA!



UNCLE EZRA? HE'S HERE? I--I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM! BUT I DON'T LIVE HERE! I'M PETER GUINNESS--JUST A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY! I CAME HERE ONLY TONIGHT! STRANGE THINGS ARE GOING ON HERE!

IT WAS A WEIRD, GRUESOME STORY! EZRA CARTER HAD BEEN A HERMIT, LIVING HERE ALONE WITH HIS HIDDEN GOLD! THEN HIS NIECE, ELLEN, AND HER YOUNG HUSBAND, BOB, HAD COME TO VISIT HIM, AND...



THEY SAID UNCLE EZRA WAS INSANE! THEY WOULD HAVE LOCKED HIM UP--PUT HIM AWAY--BUT HE KNEW THEY WERE REALLY AFTER HIS GOLD! SO ONE NIGHT, HE KILLED THEM!

AN INSANE KILLER? AND HE'S LURKING IN HERE NOW?

K-KILLED THEM?





# UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD!



AND NOW, AS TOM WENT-WORTH TURNED TO GAZE AT THE LITTLE HEAD-STONES...





IT'S MY GOLD!  
YOU CAN'T HAVE  
IT! NOBODY CAN  
HAVE IT BUT  
ME!

WHA--?



EVERYBODY WANTS MY TREASURE!  
BUT IT'S MINE--ALL MINE! I'LL  
NEVER REST TILL I GET IT! HA,  
HA, HA! IT WILL LIE IN THE  
GRAVE WITH ME! THAT'S  
WHERE IT BELONGS! HA,  
HA, HA, HA, HA!



DES-  
PERATE-  
LY  
TOM  
WENT-  
WORTH  
FOUGHT!  
BUT  
THIS  
SHASTLY  
ADVER-  
SARY  
HAD  
SUPER-  
HUMAN  
STRENGTH!

I KILLED ELLEN AND  
BOB BECAUSE THEY WANT-  
ED MY GOLD!--AND I'LL  
KILL YOU, TOO!

OHH!



ULP!

THEN, SUDDENLY, THE MURDEROUS  
THING FROM THE GRAVE SAW THE  
TWO OTHER WATCHING SHAPES!

OH, BOB, LOOK!  
UNCLE EZRA'S  
KILLING  
HIM!



TOM  
FELT  
THE  
HORRIBLE,  
CLAMMY  
GRIP  
ON  
HIS  
THROAT  
DROP  
AWAY! AND  
AS  
HE  
SCRAM-  
BLED  
TO  
HIS  
FEET...

WE'LL FIND  
IT, ELLEN!  
WE'LL FIND  
IT!

YOU KEEP  
AWAY FROM  
HERE! IT'S  
MINE!  
MINE!



THROUGHOUT THE LONG, STORM-  
FILLED NIGHT TOM AND ALICE  
WENTWORTH HUDDLED IN THEIR  
CAR, LISTENING TO THE GIBBER-  
ING VOICES OF THE DEAD!

WE MUST FIND IT,  
ELLEN! WE MUST!



NEVER!-  
NEVER!

HA HA



WITH THE DAWN THE GRISLY FACES HAD FADED INTO SILENCE! THE LITTLE ISLAND, WITH ITS SINGLE DESERTED HOUSE, STOOD REVEALED IN THE DAWN LIGHT. AND NOW...

A RESCUE BOAT IN THE FLOOD!

THEY SEE US!

AND LATER, AT A POLICE STATION OF A NEARBY VILLAGE...

SO YOU WERE MAROONED ON CARTER ISLAND ALL LAST NIGHT! THAT PLACE HAD A NASTY TRAGEDY

WE HEARD ABOUT IT!

ABOUT A YEAR AGO! OLD MAN CARTER WENT INSANE, MURDERED HIS NIECE AND HER HUSBAND, AN' THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE!

YOUNGER BROTHER OF THE OLD MAN--ALAN CARTER--FLEW FROM LONDON FOR THE FUNERAL! EZRA WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A GOLD HOARD! RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO ALAN, NOW!--BUT WE CAN'T FIND IT!

YOU MIGHT TRY DIGGING UP THE CELLAR FLOOR, CHIEF!

WE DID! WE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE!

IT'S THERE, SOMEWHERE!

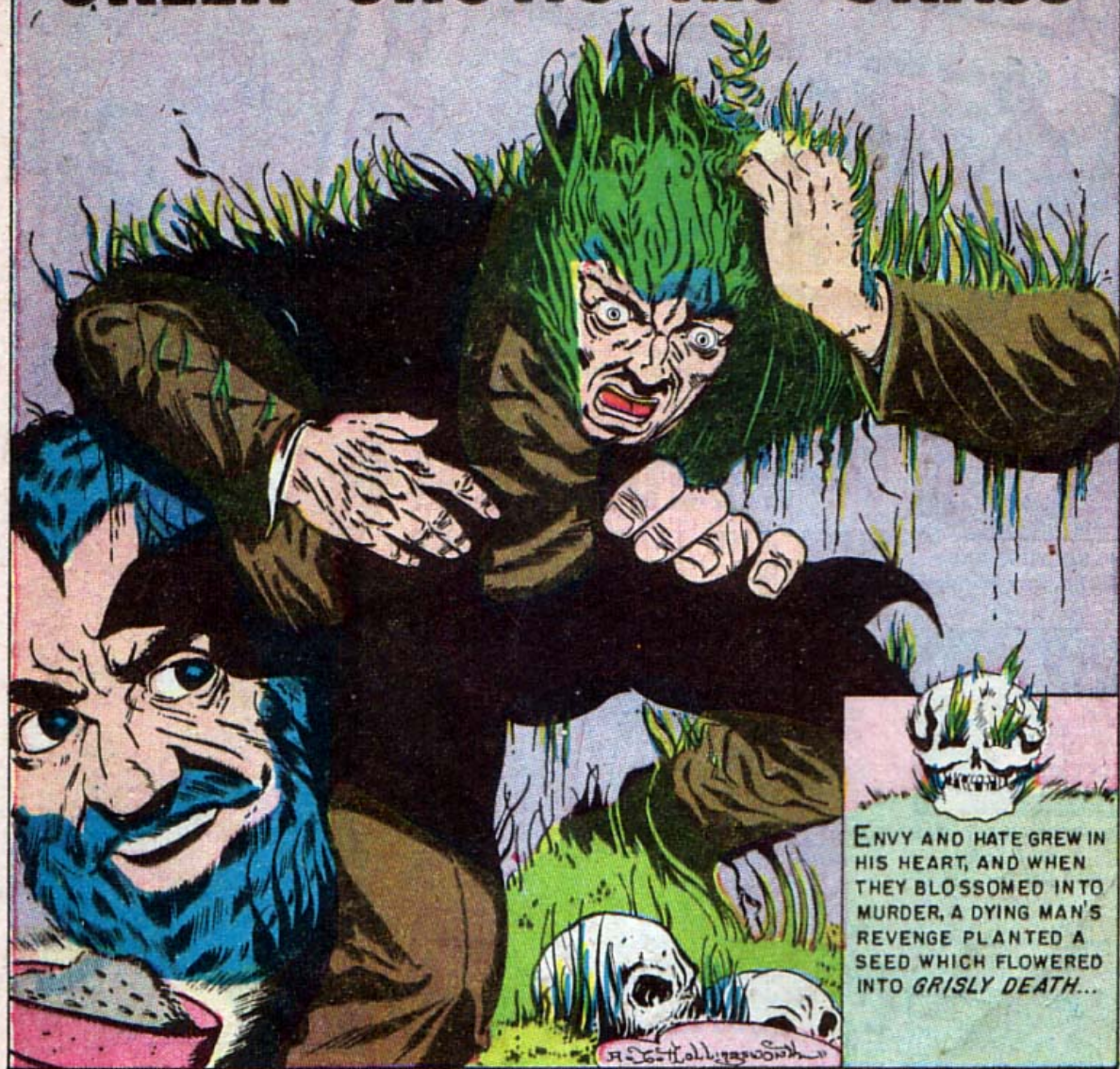
THEY SAY WEIRD THINGS GO ON THERE AT NIGHT--STORMY NIGHTS ESPECIALLY-- LIKE LAST NIGHT! YOU SAID YOU THINK YOU HEARD SOME OF THAT GHOST STUFF, EH?

WE SURE DID, CHIEF! WE SURE DID!

EZRA CARTER'S HOARDED TREASURE HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND! THE DESERTED OLD HOUSE HAS BEEN SEARCHED MANY TIMES-- BUT ONLY BY DAYLIGHT! IT'S NO PLACE FOR THE LIVING AT NIGHT-- INTERFERING WITH THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD!



# GREEN GROWS the GRASS



ENVY AND HATE GREW IN HIS HEART, AND WHEN THEY BLOSSOMED INTO MURDER, A DYING MAN'S REVENGE PLANTED A SEED WHICH FLOWERED INTO GRISLY DEATH...

FELIX HALT GREW BITTER WHENEVER HE COMPARED HIS OWN LOT WITH THAT OF HIS FAMOUS EMPLOYER...



HMMFF! AND NOT A WORD ABOUT HOW I HELPED HIM! I'M JUST AS CLEVER... AND ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL PROVE IT!



SCIENCE REPORT  
LOUIS SARBO WINS  
FROBEL PRIZE  
FOR RESEARCH IN-  
TO PLANT LIFE.

JUST THEN...

HALT! COME DOWN TO THE HOthouse AT ONCE! I'VE MADE ANOTHER MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY!

MORE BRAGGING! I HATE THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE!





SARBO'S HOTHOUSE WAS SPECIALLY BUILT... ITS TINY GLASS WINDOWS CLEVERLY INTERLACED WITH MESH STEEL TO KEEP OUT PROWLERS.



LOOK, HALT! I'VE PERFECTED A SEED CAPABLE OF GROWING ANYWHERE!

YOU... YOU MEAN IN ANY KIND OF SOIL?



YES! IN FACT IT DOESN'T EVEN NEED SOIL! IT'LL TAKE ROOT IN ANYTHING! WITH THIS SEED, MILLIONS OF ARID ACRES WILL BE TRANSFORMED TO LUSH GRAZING LAND!



AT THAT MOMENT, AN EVIL PLAN WAS BORN IN HALT'S MIND.



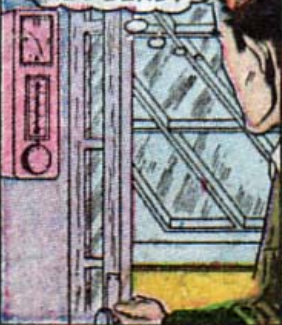
I COULD BUY UP DESERT LAND FOR A SONG, AND INCREASE ITS VALUE A THOUSANDFOLD IF I OWNED THE SEED! HMMM...

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, DR. SARBO!



A LITTLE LATER...

I'LL LOCK THE DOOR... THEN SET THE THERMOSTAT FOR 200 DEGREES! IT WILL LOOK AS IF THE MECHANISM WENT WRONG IF I RESET IT AFTER HE'S DEAD!

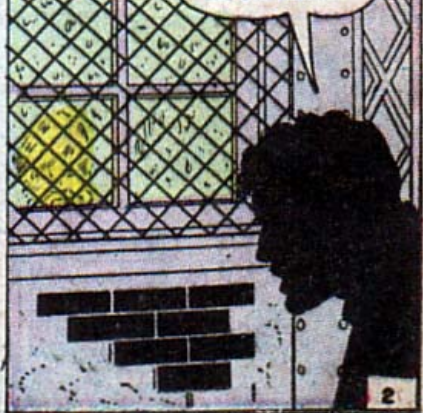


SOON...

THIS HEAT.. IT... IT'S SUFFOCATING ME! THE THERMOSTAT... MUST BE BROKEN... HELP! HELP! HELP!



A FEW MORE MINUTES, AND IT WILL BE OVER. THEN I'LL TAKE THE SEED AND TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THE GHASTLY... HEH-HEH... ACCIDENT!





THROUGH THE WINDOW, SARBO CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIS KILLER...

YOU FIEND! IT'S LIKE AN OVEN IN HERE! LET ME OUT!

THEY'LL TAKE YOU OUT OF THERE--WHEN YOU'RE DONE--AND NOT BEFORE!



AS SARBO FLAILED HELPLESS FISTS AGAINST THE REINFORCED GLASS, HIS LAST TORTURED THOUGHTS WERE OF REVENGE!

THAT OLD SHOTGUN! I'LL GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS!

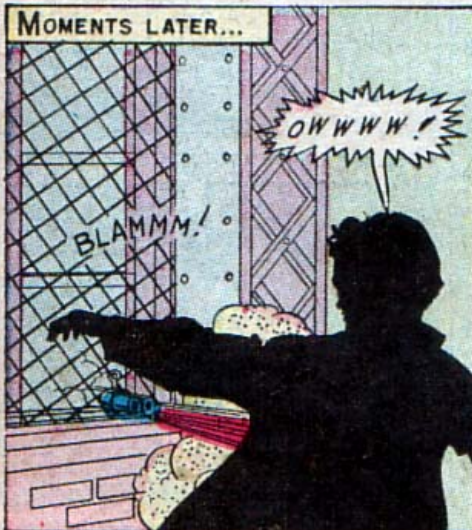


HALT WAITED TILL HE WAS SURE SARBO WAS DEAD, AND THEN...

THE HEAT... INSUFFERABLE! MUST GET THE SEED... LOOK THE DOOR AGAIN... SO IT LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



MOMENTS LATER...



THAT'S STRANGE...JUST A STINGING SENSATION ALL OVER MY BODY... AS IF HE FIRED TINY GRANULES OF SAND AT ME!



I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WH-WHAT DID HE DO WITH IT? I... I'LL HAVE TO COME BACK LATER... HEAT... TOO INTENSE!



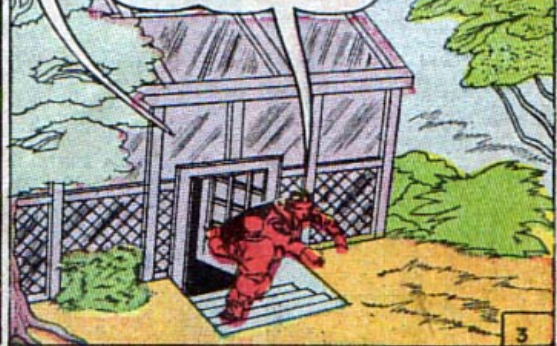
WHEN HALT REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...



ANYTHING WRONG? I HEARD A SHOT!

HAVE TO GET OUT FAST... WITHOUT THE SEED. THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, NOW!

STAY OUT! I... I'M GOING... TO CALL THE POLICE!





HALT FLED TO A NEARBY TOWN AND WENT INTO HIDING...

I'LL STAY HOLED UP TILL THE EXCITEMENT DIES DOWN!



THEN I'LL GO BACK AND FIND THAT SEED. NO ONE ELSE KNOWS ITS VALUE!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, HALT DISCOVERED THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION THAT PERPLEXED HIM!

STRANGE SENSATION... LIKE TINY INSECTS, CRAWLING ALL OVER MY SKIN...



GREEN HAIR! ALL OVER MY BODY! WH-WHAT IS IT?



SUDDENLY, HALT REALIZED THE TRUTH!

THE MISSING SEED... THE SHOT-GUN SARBO FIRED AT ME! HE... HE... SAID IT COULD GROW ANYWHERE... AND NOW... IT... IT'S IN MY FLESH... TAKING ROOT... GROWING!



FRANTICALLY, HALT TRIED TO PLUCK EACH BLADE FROM HIS SKIN, BUT...

IT... IT'S DEEP IN THE TISSUE... TOO PAINFUL TO REMOVE.



EVEN AS HE WATCHED, HIS MIND REELING WITH TERROR...

IT... IT'S GROWING! WHAT-- WHAT CAN I DO?





LIKE CORNERED RATS, HALT'S THOUGHTS SCURRED FROM THE TERRIBLE DOOM HE FACED...

I...I'LL CUT IT OFF! MAYBE IT WON'T GROW BACK!



BUT EVEN AS HE WATCHED, THE TERRIBLE GREEN GROWTH FLOWERED FROM THE PORES OF HIS FLESH...

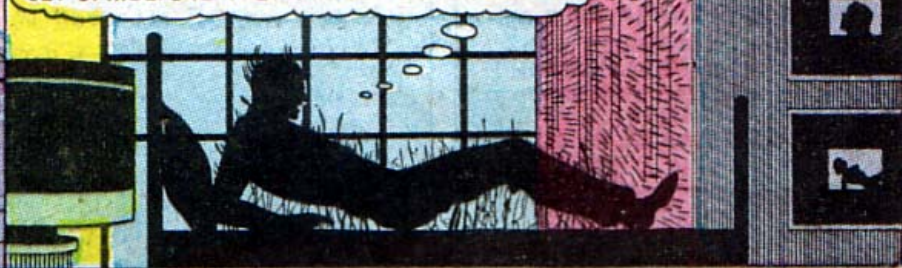
IT'S GROWING BACK... FASTER THAN BEFORE...



HALT SOUGHT REFUGE IN SLEEP, BUT WHEN HE AWOKE...



THE ROOTS...THEY...THEY'RE GROWING INTO THE BED! MUST GET UP...BEFORE THEY PIN ME HERE FOREVER!



HALT NEVER STIRRED FROM THAT ROOM UNTIL...

YOU, IN THERE...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THE LANDLORD! HAVE TO GET OUT...OR HE'LL GROW SUSPICIOUS AND CALL THE POLICE...

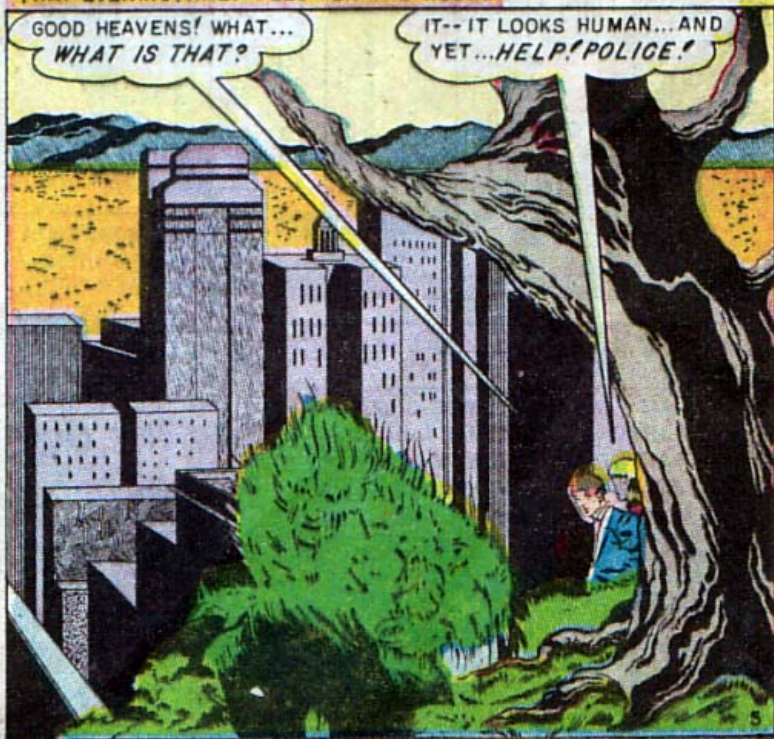
YES! I...I...WAS SICK. I'LL PAY THE RENT... TOMORROW.



THAT EVENING, HALT FLED FOR THE WOODS...

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT... WHAT IS THAT?

IT-- IT LOOKS HUMAN...AND YET...HELP! POLICE!





NO ONE WILL FIND ME HERE! I...I  
BLEND PERFECTLY WITH THE FOLIAGE!



FOR TWO DAYS HE ROAMED THE WOODS WITHOUT SLEEP,  
AND THEN UTTERLY EXHAUSTED...

MUST REST... JUST... FOR A FEW... MINUTES!



HALT SLEPT FOR A FULL DAY, AND WHEN HE AWOKE...

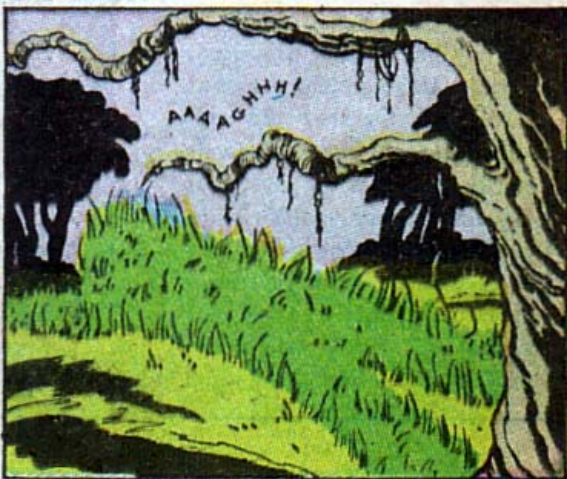
THE ROOTS! THEY... THEY'VE GROWN DEEP INTO THE EARTH! I... I CAN'T MOVE!



HOURS PASSED, AND HALT HELPLESSLY WRITHED  
AGAINST THE BONDS THAT MADE HIM ONE WITH  
THE EARTH...



AND THEN, ALL WAS STILL EXCEPT FOR AN  
OCCASIONAL WHIMPER OF AGONY DEEP BENEATH  
THE GRASS!









DAYS OF PLANNING FOLLOWED, SUCCEEDED BY WEEKS OF TRAVELLING INTO THE AFRICAN JUNGLE WHERE NO MAN HAD EVER GONE.

WE'RE ON A WILD GOOSE-CHASE! TURN BACK OR WE'LL ALL DIE!

NO! THE EMANATIONS ARE STRONGER NOW! WE'RE NEAR THE REGION!

LOOK! GREAT SCOTT!

YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE ME! BUT IT'S THERE--IN FRONT OF OUR EYES!

ON THE PEAK OF A NARROW WINDING ROAD WAS A GIGANTIC CASTLE OF IMPOSING SOMBERNESS...

CAREFUL! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING OF DANGER!

I SAW A FACE PEERING AT US FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS!

KNOCK ON THAT GATE, GEORGE! QUICKLY, MAN!

Y-YES! BUT TRASK IS RIGHT! I--I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE!

THE KNOCKING REVERBERATED INTO THE CASTLE GROUNDS, FOLLOWED BY SILENCE... THEN, SLOWLY--THE GATES SWUNG OPEN...

YES? WHAT IS IT YOU WISH?

OPEN UP, MAN! LET US IN! WE WANT LODGINGS!

AH--FORGIVE ME--BUT I AM NOT USED TO--COMPANY! WELCOME TO MORD CASTLE!





BRRR...THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING THING I'VE SEEN! WHY--THE TEMPERATURE IS ACTUALLY COLD IN HERE!

MY MASTER LIKES HEAT-- BUT SINCE HE IS AWAY, I HAVE COOLED THE CASTLE! NOW FOLLOW ME!

THE MYSTERIOUS OLD MAN LED THEM THROUGH A SECTION OF THE CASTLE EVEN MORE WEIRD THAN THE HALL...

MY MASTER SHALL BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU AFTERWARDS-- AS INDEED I AM MYSELF! IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE ARE HONORED BY SUCH GUESTS AS YOU! HA, HA...

I WONDER WHAT HE MEANS BY THAT?



AND AFTER THEY HAD BEEN SHOWN TO THEIR QUARTERS...

DID YOU NOTICE THE CASTLE WALLS-- AND THE OBJECTS INSIDE THOSE ROOMS? THEY'RE OLD--THE ENTIRE BUILDING REEKS WITH AGE AND DECAY!

BUT THAT PROVES NOTHING! YOUR IDEA IS ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE!



THE EMANATIONS COME FROM WITHIN THIS CASTLE! SOMEWHERE HERE IS THE SECRET WE SEEK!

PERHAPS IT IS BEST THAT WE EXAMINE THIS PLACE OURSELVES, AFTER OUR HOST HERE IS ASLEEP!



PROTECTED BY THE DARKNESS, THREE FIGURES SLIPPED SILENTLY THROUGH THE HALLS...

I TELL YOU, THAT OLD MAN IS NOT HUMAN! THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGELY REPULSIVE ABOUT HIM...

THESE STEPS LEAD TO SOME SORT OF CRYPT!



WHY IS HE HERE? WHAT IS THIS CASTLE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?

WE'LL FIND THAT OUT BEFORE LONG--LOOK--WE'RE ENTERING A CHAMBER!



NOTHING HERE--BUT A FEW IDOLS AND A DOOR! WE CAN'T HAVE BEEN WRONG!

I'M GOING TO OPEN IT! GET SET!









MY MASTER.... COLLECTS ALL SORTS OF SPECIMENS IN THE JUNGLE-- AND OUT OF IT! IT WAS A BEAST THAT MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF ITS CAGE. I'LL PUT HIM BACK! NOW, ADIEU--UNTIL TOMORROW!

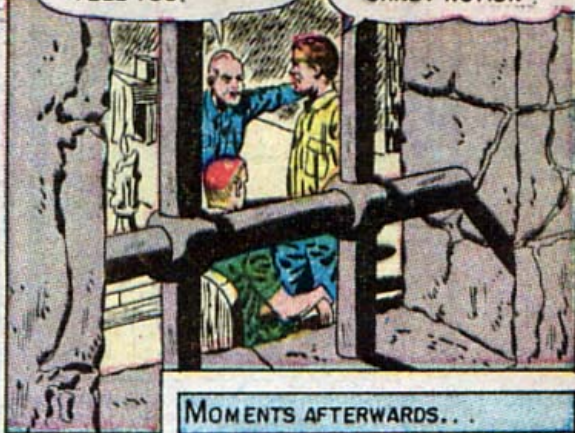
HE DIDN'T MENTION THE TREASURE... GOOD! HE HASN'T FOUND US OUT!



AND LATER, WHEN THEY WERE ALONE...

INSIDE THE SECOND DOOR IS WHAT WE SEEK! THAT OLD MAN SERVES DEATH, I TELL YOU!

NONSENSE! WE'RE GETTING TIRED OF YOUR CRAZY NOTION.



THERE'S A FORTUNE DOWN THERE, AND HE STILL SREAMS ABOUT STUPID THEORIES! I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!

I--I'LL GIVE THE TREASURE TO YOU! BUT DON'T KILL ME! OH-HH!



GIVE IT TO ME? I'LL TAKE IT! WE WENT ALONG WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU PAID US WELL!

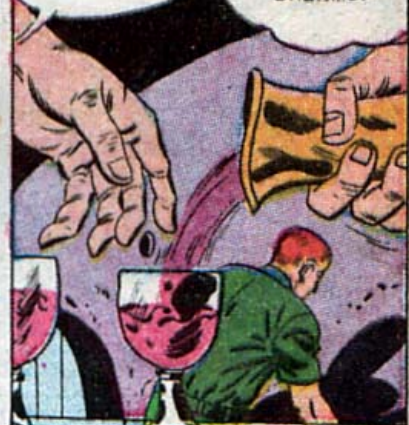
BUT NOW WE HAVE SOMETHING BETTER!



MOMENTS AFTERWARDS...

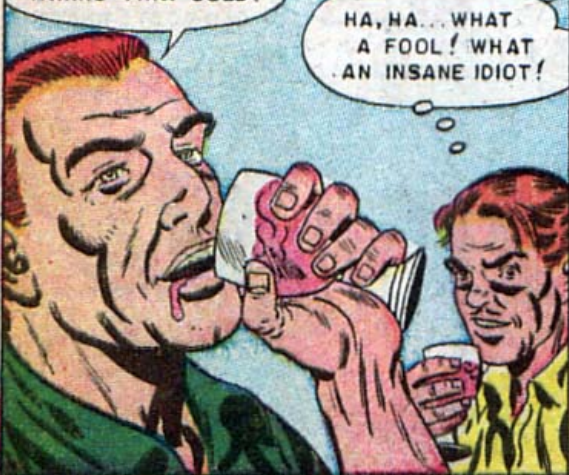
LET US CELEBRATE OUR SUCCESS, GEORGE! COME AWAY FROM HIM! HE CAN'T HURT YOU ANYMORE!

NO, HE CAN'T! NOW WE'LL BOTH HAVE WEALTH BEYOND OUR DREAMS!



WASN'T IT KIND OF THE OLD MAN TO SUPPLY US WITH WINE? NO ONE MUST STOP US FROM TAKING THAT GOLD!

HA, HA... WHAT A FOOL! WHAT AN INSANE IDIOT!



AAAAARRGH! M-MY THROAT! Y-YOU'VE POISONED ME! AARRGH!

YES, GEORGE! YOU WERE JUST AS MUCH A FOOL AS ZARKO. NOW THE TREASURE IS MINE! HA, HA!





QUICKLY, VINCENT TRASK HURRIED DOWN THE STEPS AND OPENED THE DOOR. THE GOLD WAS STILL THERE...



MONSTER OR NOT -- **NOTHING** IS GOING TO STOP ME FROM HAVING THIS TREASURE!



WHO CARES FOR EXPLANATIONS? ALL I WANT IS -- **GNNNGGG!**

THE TENTACLES COILED ABOUT HIS NECK, SHUTTING OFF HIS BREATHING. TIGHTER AND TIGHTER THEY PULLED HIM HIM TOWARDS **HORROR!**



**AAAAAGH! HELP! -- CAN'T BREATHE! GASP -- GASP... AAAAGH! HELP!**

YOU MUST FORGIVE THE IMPATIENCE OF CERBERUS! YOU SEE, CREATURES FROM THE BEYOND CANNOT STAY LONG IN THIS COLD!



W--WHO ARE YOU? **GASP!**

I AM DEATH! AND YOU HAVE FORFEITED YOUR SOUL THROUGH YOUR GREED-- AS YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE FORFEITED THEIRS THROUGH STUPIDITY AND WEAKNESS!

THEN ZARKO WAS RIGHT! B--BUT YOU LIED TO US! YOU SAID YOU HAD A MASTER!

I HAVE! YOU UNKNOWN-INGLY DISCOVERED THE TREASURE WITH WHICH HE TEMPTS MORTALS SUCH AS YOUR-SELF! HE HAS JUST RETURNED! MEET MY MASTER--THE--

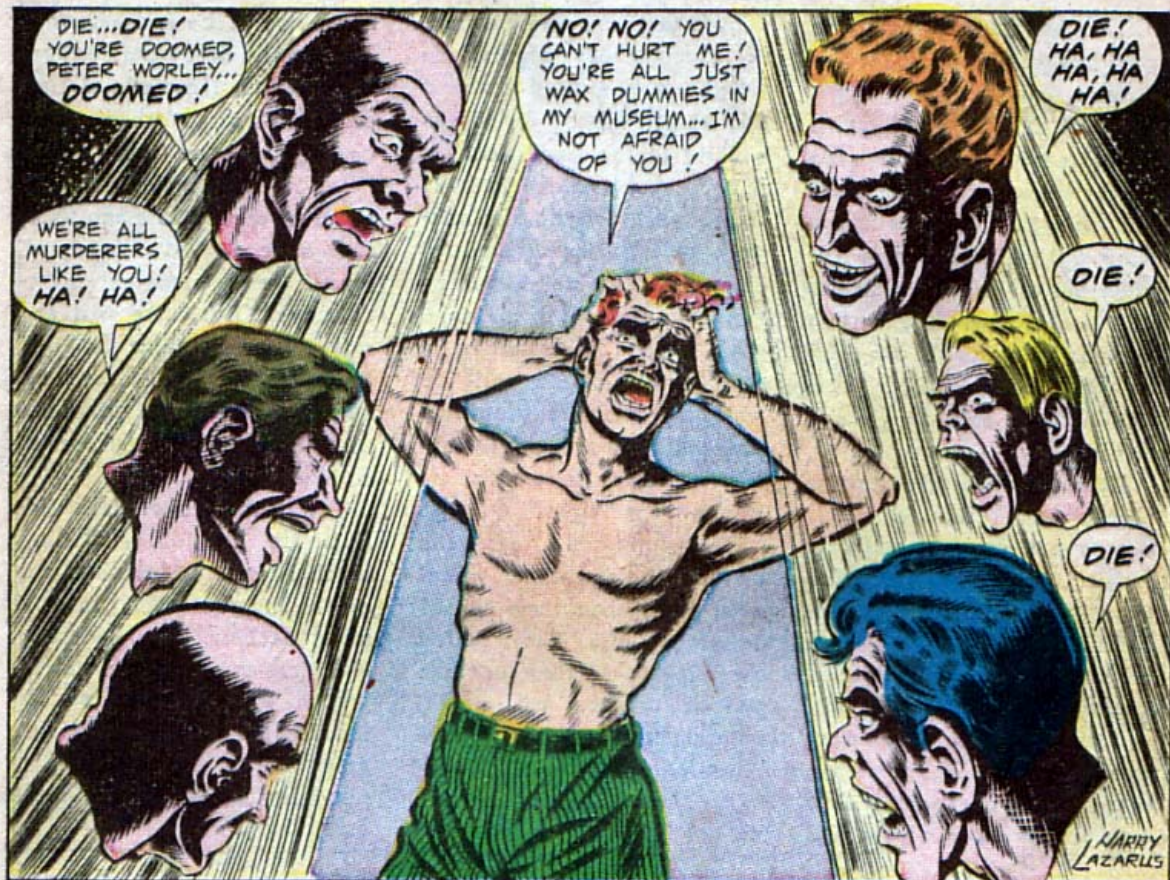


HA, HA, HA... WELCOME! WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



PETER WORLEY'S MUSEUM OF HORRORS DREW BIG CROWDS! THE BUSINESS HE HAD SEIZED BY THEFT AND MURDER WAS MAKING HIM RICH! BUT THE STRANGE FORCES BEYOND THE GRAVE CAUGHT UP WITH PETER WORLEY AT LAST-THAT WEIRD AND TERRIBLE NIGHT WHEN HE ENCOUNTERED THE GRUESOME...

# PHANTOM of the WAXWORKS!



PETER WORLEY'S WAXWORKS DREW BIG CROWDS...



THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, ESPECIALLY THRILLED AND CHILLED THE CUSTOMERS...





THERE'S THE ONE OF JACK THE RIPPER! LET'S LOOK!

UGH! IT'S SO CREEPY!

YIPES! GIVES YOU THE WILLIES, EH, ANNIE? THEY LOOK SO ALIVE!

JACK THE RIPPER

A comic book panel showing a man in a plaid jacket and green tie talking to a woman in a red jacket. The man says, "NICE GUY TO BE MARRIED TO, EH, DORA?" and the woman replies, "BRRR!". In the background, a man in a top hat and blue coat is visible.

[illegible]

ALL RIGHT! NOW TELL US  
JUST WHAT HAPPENED!  
YOU WERE IN THE CHAM-  
BER OF HORRORS...

IT WAS THE  
WAX DUMMY OF  
JACK THE RIPPER!  
ALL OF A  
SUDDEN--

WE ALL  
SAW IT,  
AND--

HEY, TAKE  
IT EASY!  
ONE AT A  
TIME!

THAT DUMMY MOVED! JACK THE RIPPER'S COMIN' AT US!

RUN-- RUN! HELP!



IN THE WILD PANIC TO ESCAPE  
SEVERAL PEOPLE HAD BEEN  
INJURED...

IT'S ALIVE!

HELP!  
HELP!



BUT WHEN THE POLICE  
ARRIVED...

SEEMS PRETTY  
LIFE-LIKE, BUT  
IT'S ONLY A  
DUMMY... IT  
COULDN'T  
MOVE!

SURE! BUT  
THE PEOPLE  
WERE YEL-  
LING THAT  
IT DID  
MOVE AND CAME  
AT THEM  
WITH A  
KNIFE!



THEY ALL  
COULDN'T HAVE  
IMAGINED IT,  
COULD THEY?

PROBABLY WAS  
SOME THEATRICAL  
TRICK! A  
DUMMY MECHAN-  
ICALLY FIXED SO  
THAT IT COULD  
MOVE! BRING  
WORLEY DOWN  
HERE, I WANT  
TO TALK TO  
HIM!



AND WHEN THEY BROUGHT PETER  
MORLEY INTO HEADQUARTERS...

SEE HERE, MORLEY,  
IF THAT'S YOUR IDEA  
OF A PUBLICITY STUNT,  
QUIT IT! LAY OFF  
THAT TRICK STUFF!  
UNDERSTAND?

I--I DIDN'T  
DO ANY-  
THING! I--I  
D-DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!



IF ANYTHING ELSE  
LIKE THAT HAPPENS  
IN YOUR MUSEUM  
WE'LL CLOSE IT  
UP! GET ME?

Y-YES,  
SIR!



ACTUALLY,  
PETER  
MORLEY  
KNEW NO  
MORE ABOUT  
IT THAN  
ANYONE  
ELSE!  
WORLEY  
HAD LIVING  
QUARTERS  
IN THE  
MUSEUM,  
AND THAT  
NIGHT,  
AS HE  
PONDERED  
HIS  
TROUBLES...

COULD FRANK  
ALLEN HAVE DONE  
IT?... NO... NO!  
I'M THINKING  
SUCH CRAZY  
THINGS! FRANK  
ALLEN'S DEAD!





ANYONE WITH MURDER ON HIS SOUL WILL HAVE WILD THOUGHTS. WORLEY WAS REMEMBERING THAT TIME, A FEW YEARS AGO, WHEN FRANK ALLEN OWNED THE MUSEUM! THE WAXEN SCENES HAD ALL BEEN ALLEN'S CREATIONS!

THIS ONE OF JACK THE RIPPER WILL BE A BIG DRAWING CARD, PETER, YOU'LL SEE!

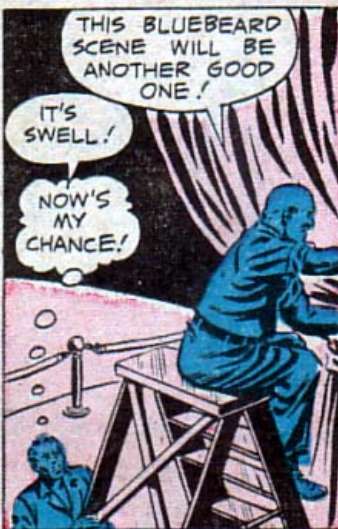
YEAH! SURE WILL!

BUT IT WON'T BE YOU WHO MAKES THE MONEY OUT OF THIS PLACE!

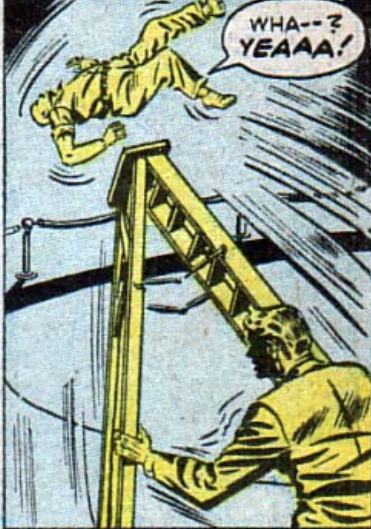
ALLEN HAD EMPLOYED WORLEY AS HIS ASSISTANT! WORLEY WAS CLEVER; HE HAD WORKED OUT HIS MURDEROUS SCHEME TO THE LAST DETAIL...



AND THEN, ONE NIGHT...



THEN, SUDDENLY...



CRACKED HIS SKULL! THEY'LL FIGURE IT AN ACCIDENT, OF COURSE! HA, HA! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT-- ALMOST!



AND NOW, ALONE IN HIS LIVING ROOM WITH HIS MEMORIES, THE GUILTY PETER WORLEY PACED THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY...





THEN TERROR LEAPED AT PETER WORLEY AS HE OPENED THE DOOR.



DEAD?...AH, BUT THEN WHO WOULD KNOW THAT BETTER THAN YOU...MIND IF I COME IN? THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT TO STRAIGHTEN OUT WITH YOU, PETER!



I HAD TO COME BACK... I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO THINK YOU COULD COMMIT MURDER AND GET AWAY WITH IT, PETER! I COULDN'T REST UNTIL I FIXED THAT!



THE TERRIFIED WORLEY FLED INTO THE MUSEUM...



SUDDENLY, ALLEN WAS UPON HIM, AND IN THE DIM ROOM OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, WITH THE WAXEN SCENES OF MURDERS OF THE PAST...







MAKES A NICE  
MURDER SCENE,  
DOESN'T IT,  
PETER? HA,  
HA, HA!

AAIEEEEE!



THE NEIGHBORS HEARD  
WORLEY'S BEEIE  
SCREAMS, AND...

IT'S FROM THE MUSEUM!  
...SOMEBODY'S BEING  
MURDERED! PHONE  
THE POLICE!

AAIEEEEE!!

THE MUSEUM WAS DARK AND SILENT WHEN  
THE POLICE ARRIVED...



WATCH YOURSELVES!  
--KILLER MAY STILL  
BE IN HERE!

EVERYTHING WAS DARK...BROOD-  
ING SILENCE! AND THEN,  
DOWN IN THE CHAMBER OF  
HORRORS...

AWED, THEY STOOD BEFORE  
A SILENT, WAXEN SCENE! MUTE  
AND GRISLY TABLEAU...



SARGE!  
LOOK  
OVER  
THERE!

WHA--?!

UGH! SAY, THAT  
FELLOW BEING  
STRANGLER  
LOOKS LIKE  
**WORLEY**,  
DOESN'T IT?

**WEIRD!**  
WHY WOULD  
WORLEY BUILD  
A WAX-  
DUMMY SCENE  
LIKE THAT?  
LET'S FIND  
WORLEY-- HE  
MAY KNOW  
WHAT HAP-  
PENED!



PETER WORLEY WAS NEVER  
FOUND! THERE WAS ONLY  
THIS NEW SCENE OF A  
KILLING, PRESERVED IN WAX,  
TO MAKE PEOPLE SHUDDER!



THE  
END